

THE THINGS I WANT TO SEE.

I've been to museum, circus, show,
And curious things have seen;
But some I've looked for I could not find—
I will mention a few I mean.

A paring of nail from the finger of scorn,
A glove from the hand of fate,
A shoe once worn by the foot of a tree,
And a piece of a nickel plate.

Some butter made from the cream of a joke,
The whiskers from nature's face,
A shingle off the temple of fame,
And a rein from the human race.

A hat from off the head of a street,
A tooth from the mouth of a brook,
A curl clipped off from the brow of a hill,
And a fish caught with Sandy Hook.

A feather pulled from a mountain's crest,
And some out of fancy's wings,
A hinge that came from the Golden Gate,
And some pieces of Sulphur Springs.

The pig that ate from the trough of the sea,
The lid of a box on the ear,
The dog that gave the bark of a tree,
And a necklace of beads on beer.

The knives that go with the forks of the road,
And a lash from a needle's eye,
A few receipted mosquito bills,
And the wings of a long foul fly.

The hair that grows on the tail of a kite,
Also on a cabbage head,
A leaf that fell from a family tree
And a sheet from a river's bed.

Of all these things I have often thought,
But none of them changed to see.
The showman who can collect them all
Must greater than Barnum be.

—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

JESSIE'S LOVER.

How She Helped Him to Lead an Honest Life.

The red sunset, bathing the top of the icy hills in a sober amber hue, gave Jessie Fremont a vague impression that the landscape was beautiful, and that life was a pleasant thing to live in such surroundings. Her own peculiar mental condition would naturally give a joyful interpretation to external objects, but the scenic setting was none the less appropriate and attractive.

There was a suggestion in the fading light and place which, like the fragrance of an almost forgotten rose, faintly recalled the remembrance of some past event in her life. It needed but the presence of another point in the landscape to complete the mental picture.

The sudden appearance of a dark form trudging up the slippery hillside toward her gave the connecting link to her memory, and with a sigh of relief she murmured:

"Oh! it was here that I first saw him, so long ago, nearly three months."

At that time she was heart free and a careless girl of eighteen. But when Salmon Chase, the itinerant revivalist, appeared before her at the close of a day, and asked her to direct him to the meeting house in Pinewood, she felt the power and influence of the strong, handsome stranger's personality. Later she discovered that others were brought under the same magnetic spell, and for months the small wooden church had been filled to overflowing. Strong men and women had been influenced to religious convictions by the revivalist, whose deep, rich, mellow voice had power to charm, whether used in persuasive appeals from the pulpit or engaged in singing the hymns of praise and victory. Pinewood had never known such a widespread revival. Fathers for miles around traveled to hear the unknown Spurgeon, and many scoffers were forced to acknowledge their utter defeat. The strange preacher's address was no less meek and earnest than it was defiant and aggressive.

Many confessed sins and crimes apparently long since forgotten. Business was even suspended for a time in order that men might hear the eloquent words of Mr. Chase. The church, which had been barely supported by a few faithful souls, became the chief center of attraction in the village, and the leader had but to suggest the need of more money, and it was forthcoming.

Jessie Fremont had been among the first converts, and she learned to look upon the preacher as a man of wonder and marvel. But gradually another feeling for him had possessed her being. At first she was frightened lest she was committing a sin in loving her spiritual adviser. The thought troubled her that her religious life might be influenced by this love, and she almost doubted the honesty and sincerity of her spiritual convictions.

But when Salmon Chase returned her love she no longer trembled at her supposed weakness. She grew strong and self-reliant through contact with his spirit. The two seemed designed for each other, and the village people accepted the mutual attraction as a divine work of providence to keep the preacher with them.

Jessie reviewed these past events rapidly as she saw the minister approaching on this calm, beautiful evening. He was a strong, athletic fellow, and she admired the confident swing of his body as he stepped quickly over the icy snow. Her own soul trembled at the thought of possessing the love of such a man.

"Oh, Salmon, does this evening remind you of anything?" she asked in a quick, eager voice.

"No—yes," he replied, in a sharp voice, which had a foreign ring in it. "It was on such an evening as this when we first met."

Then his eyes wandered restlessly across the snowy landscape as he murmured partly to himself:

"It might be that it is a bad omen. The same thing never brings happiness twice. It must be that this brings sorrow."

"What is it, Salmon?" asked Jessie, noticing the strange look on her lover's face. "What has happened?"

"Nothing, but it is going to happen," the man replied, in a cold, decided voice. "It cannot be kept off any longer. The officers are in the village. I could escape, I suppose, but I will not unless you advise me. I have come here to see you for that reason."

"I don't understand you," the girl cried, pitifully, turning deathly white

in her anxiety. "Explain to me. What do the officers want?"

"They want me—Salmon Chase, itinerant preacher and ex-convict."

The words were uttered slowly and in a voice that was clear and distinct as a clarion. The speaker remained silent then to see what effect they had on the girl.

"I don't believe it," Jessie burst out impulsively. "You never committed a crime in your life. You could not do it."

"And yet I might be an ex-convict, or rather an escaped convict," retorted her lover with a sad smile.

"Then you have been unjustly accused. You are innocent. I know you are. Oh, say that you are, Salmon!"

She had grasped his arm and she continued, in a high, strained key:

"It would kill me to know that you were guilty. Tell me that you are innocent and I will believe you against the whole world. Speak, Salmon!"

The strong lines of the man's face twitched nervously and he regarded the girl with a strange light in his eyes:

"Jessie, I am innocent of the crime they accuse me of. I swear it before God and you. Amen!"

"I knew it! I knew it!" the girl cried, in ecstasy, and, throwing her arms around her lover's neck, she kissed him.

Nevertheless, the man was pale and nervous. He returned the caresses tenderly, but his eyes were directed toward the distant village.

"I came here for your advice," he whispered, finally, "and I shall do as you tell me. Shall I flee or stay?"

"Flee? No, certainly not, if you are innocent."

"But they will look me up just the same. I was unjustly condemned, and I stayed in prison until I couldn't stand it any longer. I escaped a year before my time expired. Now they will take me back, and keep me two years. If I flee they can never find me."

"But that would be cowardly," the girl said. "No, stay, and let them take you back, and we will have you released."

"But think of the disgrace. All of these good people believe in me, and they would curse me if I should be arrested."

"No, no; they have too much faith in you. They will trust you as I do. When you are free again you can come back here, and we will all love you as now."

"Amen!" replied the preacher, solemnly. "If every one had the love and trust of you, Jessie, there would be no crime committed in this world."

There was a long silence, and the two felt the glow of their love strengthening each other for the coming trial.

"We will go down to the village, my dear," Mr. Chase said, finally. "I will deliver myself up, and leave you to-night. I don't want any of my friends to see me going away with the officers. You can tell my story to them in the morning."

Slowly and sadly the two lovers walked toward Pinewood in the gloom of the early evening. They went direct to Jessie's home, where preparations for a long separation were made. Then the minister walked over to the house where the officers were staying and delivered himself up to them. Before day-break they had left the village of Pinewood and were well on their way toward a neighboring county jail.

The story of the arrest spread like wildfire the following day. Jessie Fremont explained everything to the village people and not one was unwilling to take up arms in favor of their falsely imprisoned preacher. So strong had been his influence for good that the trusting, confiding people of Pinewood and the surrounding country believed his word against the testimony of the courts and circumstantial evidences.

A monster petition was prepared and forwarded to the governor. The work of the preacher in Pinewood was dwelt upon; but no new trial could be ordered.

The year slowly dragged along, and Jessie Fremont continued to work assiduously to effect the release of her lover. The townspeople were good to her, comforting her in her sorrow, and sustaining her by their tokens of loyalty.

When the day of release came a delegation of the best village people went to the county jail and escorted their former minister joyfully to Pinewood. Salmon Chase had not changed much during the year, excepting that he looked more serious and devout. He accepted the signs of welcome quietly, but the expression on his face showed that he was deeply affected by the trust of his people. They were plain, honest farmers, loyal to their friends, and full of sympathy and affection in their homely way. Salmon Chase had evidently associated with a different type of people during his earlier days, and the sturdiness of his character was a surprise and pleasure to him.

He was installed in his old place as pastor of the church, and events of the past were seldom alluded to, except in a regretful way. The early converts of the revival had mostly remained true to the church, and the man soon held as large audiences as ever.

He worked with unabated ardor. His soul and spirit appeared to be in his work and mission more than ever, and his magnetic influence increased if anything. He grew thin and pale under the strain of his work and highly emotional existence. The people feared for his health, and requested him to take a long vacation; but the preacher was unwilling to desert his trusting congregation even for a short time. To their repeated requests he returned the reply that he was well and strong.

Jessie Fremont endeavored to prevail upon her enthusiastic lover to seek rest and pleasure for a few months. She noted the pale cheeks and hectic flush, the bright, supernatural glow of the eyes, and the emaciated form. Nothing had been said about their marriage since Mr. Chase's release from prison, and both seemed to avoid the subject purposely. Jessie was so concerned in her lover's health that she thought little of becoming a bride, and Salmon Chase kept his own counsel on the subject.

But the time came when events

reached a crisis. One day the gaunt, emaciated lover stood by the side of the fair, sweet girl, and said, in a low voice:

"Jessie, I have something to tell you."

She instinctively felt that something unusual was going to happen, but she appeared to be buoyed up by some unknown power.

"I can no longer work here in a false light," he continued. "I have deceived you and all the people. I was guilty of the crime for which I suffered. I lied to you a year ago when I proclaimed my innocence, but I loved you so, that I could not break your heart. I thought in a year you would get over it and be able to stand it."

He breathed heavily, and brushed his hand across his forehead. The girl showed no great signs of surprise.

"But I could not marry you until you knew all," he added. "It was this terrible thought, that I was deceiving you, that has preyed upon my mind, and made me weak and sickly."

Her look was not very condemnatory, and he continued in a more eager voice:

"My crime was not such a great one. I lived in New York and made the most of a high social position to enjoy myself. My salary did not cover my expenses, and I borrowed—yes, borrowed from my employer—God knows I intended to return it. But it was discovered before I could get the funds to pay it back. They called it robbery, and had me imprisoned. I couldn't stand prison life, and I escaped. I came here to live a better life, and since then the only crime I have committed was to deceive you and the good people here."

"And that is forgiven by me, Salmon," Jessie interrupted. "I could not have stood it at first, but now I can. I know that you are good and true."

"But the people. Should they know all?"

The girl hesitated. The muscles of her face and mouth twitched. It would be a trying ordeal to make such a confession before the townspeople who believed so faithfully in their minister. She knew that her lover awaited her advice.

"I advised you once to face the danger," she faltered, "and, Salmon, I'll do the same again. Next Sunday you can tell them all, and I'll be true to you whatever the result."

The minister was paler and more ghastly in appearance than usual when he entered the pulpit on the following Sunday morning. He preached long and earnestly upon the virtue of forgiveness. Then as he finished he closed the Bible, leaned over the pulpit desk, and said dramatically, but sincerely:

"My friends, that sermon is my plea for forgiveness. I stand before you a culprit, an ex-convict, a thief. I deceived you once, but my conscience will no longer permit it. I was guilty of the crime brought against me. I paid the penalty of it, and God knows I have suffered for it. I repent, but I stand a guilty criminal before you, and you must bring in the verdict. Miss Fremont will give the details of my crime."

Without waiting for any comment the man left the pulpit, and, taking his hat, walked quietly out of the church.

A month later the loyalty of the Pinewood people was shown by their attendance in a body at the wedding of Jessie Fremont and Salmon Chase, the regularly installed minister of the small church. How much his bride had done to terminate the most exciting meeting ever held in the village church favorably, Mr. Chase never knew, but not once did he doubt that she had been the chief instrument in his salvation.—Geo. E. Walsh, in Yankee Blade.

BISMARCK AND THE FRENCHMAN

How a Wooden Leg Nearly Changed European History.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago a wooden leg nearly changed the course of European history. A year or so before the war between Prussia and Denmark, which preceded the great struggle between France and Germany, Bismarck was staying at Biarritz.

One morning, accompanied by a huge dog, he was walking on a road which runs along the base of a cliff protected from the sea by a low wall, when he met an old French naval captain with a wooden leg, powerfully built and of peppery temper.

The dog became unduly attentive to the captain's leg, and the Frenchman struck at the animal with the butt of his fishing rod. Bismarck swore, and the sailor replied in the same dialect.

From language they came to blows, and in a few moments Bismarck found that, strong as he was, the angry Frenchman was lifting him bodily on to the parapet of the wall. Another minute and he would have been in the rapid current of the sea below, and what would have been the course of European history during the last twenty-five years?

But at the critical moment help arrived—by the irony of fate in the shape of an equestrian of Emperor Napoleon—the timber-toed veteran was defeated and the unification of Germany and of Italy was secured.—All the Year Around.

How Legs and Divorce.

"Are bandy legs sufficient ground for divorce?" is a question that the courts will soon be called upon to decide. A few days ago a comely young woman, not long married, burst into a Sixth street lawyer's office and told her tale of woe.

But eighteen months ago she had married. The man of her choice was a physical beauty and in every way fitted to make an excellent running mate for the lovely lady, but ere long a cloud came over her dream of matrimonial bliss. Her husband became addicted to the horseback habit, and before long this Apollo was transformed into a deformity.

"I really won't be seen with him any more," she said, "because everyone says I must have married him for money."

"Please, Mr. Lawyer, get me a divorce,"—Philadelphia Record.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

New York Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The stock market to-day was moderately active all the way through, showing considerable strength in the forenoon, reacted sharply later in the day, and while important losses were confined to a few active speculative specialties, the whole list, with few exceptions, closed at lower figures. There was a marked bullish feeling carried over from last night in consequence of the action of the Bank of France in withdrawing its practical premium on gold, and higher prices resulted all along the line.

The market gave way, however, when the hope of cessation of gold exports was done away with by an advance in exchange rates on the part of almost all the leading drawers, one of whom expressed the opinion that an outgo of gold on Saturday was not to be avoided. This put a damper upon the buying movement of stocks immediately, and while speculative shares suffered most severely in the decline which followed, only a few escaped the effect of the materializations induced. In the early trading gold stocks were the favorites. Lackawanna and Jersey Central were each advanced about 1 per cent., while the usual pressure upon Reading failed to have any material effect.

Distillers was the weakest point of the list, and after touching 63½ it returned to 59½ and closed only 4½ better than its lowest, with a loss of 2½ per cent. for the day. Sugar pursued the same course exactly, but its final loss was only 1½ per cent. Railroad stocks were moved over narrower limits from Industrials, and the only important loss sustained was in the Big Four, which lost 1½ per cent. on comparatively light dealings. No improvement in the situation is to be noted, and the close was fairly active and heavy at or near the lowest figures.

STOCK QUOTATIONS.

	Bid.	Ask.
Western Union	95½	96
Adams Express	152	153
American Express	117	118
United States Express	58	59
Wells Fargo Express	145	146
C. C. & L.	58½	59
New York Central	108½	109
New Jersey Central	125½	126
Illinois Central	99	100
Michigan Central	104½	105
Ohio Central	50	51
Northern Pacific	16½	17
Northern Pacific preferred	46½	47
Central Pacific	28½	29
Union Pacific	39½	40
Missouri Pacific	57½	58
Texas Pacific	9½	10
Manhattan Elevated	161	162
Alton and Terre Haute	33	34
Alton and Terre Haute preferred	150	151
Canada Southern	56½	57
Canada Pacific	88	89
Chicago and Alton	140	141
Chesapeake and Ohio	22½	23
Delaware and Hudson	132	133
Dela., Lack. and Western	150	151
Denver	16½	17
Erie preferred	23½	24
Kansas and Texas	52½	53
Lake Shore	14½	15
Lake Erie and Western	128½	129
Lake Erie and Western preferred	22½	23
Louisville and Nashville	77½	78
Northwestern	111½	112
Northwestern preferred	143	144
Ontario and Western	18½	19
Ohio and Mississippi	22½	23
Ohio and Mississippi preferred	36½	37
Quicksilver	3½	4
Quicksilver preferred	17	18
Reading	49½	50
Rock Island	84½	85
Omaha	48½	49
Omaha preferred	118	119
St. Paul	77½	78
St. Paul preferred	122½	123
Nash., C. and St. L.	86	87
Wabash	11	12
Wabash preferred	23	24
Chi., Bur. and Q.	98½	99
Peoria, D. and E.	16½	17
Manitoba	112½	113
Oregon Navigation	77	78
Richmond Terminal	7	8
Baltimore and Ohio	94½	95

BONDS.

Alabama, A.	101
Alabama, B.	102
Alabama, C.	104½
Louisiana Consols.	92½
Tennessee Olds.	97½
Richmond and West Point.	62
Richmond and Allegheny.	62
Norfolk and Western preferred.	37½
East Tennessee.	3½
East Tennessee preferred.	22
Cotton Oil.	14½
Cotton Oil preferred.	82½
Tennessee new settlement, 6's.	101
Tennessee new settlement, 5's.	99
Tennessee 3's.	74
Virginia 6's.	50
Virginia ex-matured coupons.	50
Virginia consolidated.	50
Brunswick county.	8
Silver certificates.	83½
American Sugar Refinery.	115½
American Sugar Refinery, pref.	10½
North Carolina 4's.	97
North Carolina consol 6's.	121½
North Carolina Browns.	93½
Memphis and Charleston.	50
Mobile and Ohio.	35½
Richmond and Terminal.	35½
Tennessee Coal and Iron.	35½
Tennessee Coal and Iron, pref.	98

Produce and Merchandise.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—Flour more active, firmer; prices unchanged. Southern flour steady, quiet, unchanged. Wheat dull, 1½¢ higher, with options advanced, checking business; No. 2 red, 81¢@81½; store and elevator, 82¢@82½; afloat; options active, excited, strong and 1½¢ higher, May and July most active; No. 2, January, 80½; February, 81½; May, 84½; July, 85½.

Corn fairly active, higher, with options firm; No. 2, 50½¢@51½; elevator, 51½¢@52½; afloat; ungraded mixed, 49¢@49½; options fairly active, firm; ½¢@1 up; May and February most active; January, 51½; February, 52; May, 53. Oats stronger, fairly active; options dull, firmer; May most active; January, 38; May, 39½; spot prices, No. 3, 37; white, 41½¢@42½; mixed Western, 37½¢@39½; white mixed Western, 42¢@43½.

Coffee options opened 5 to 20 points higher; closed steady, 5¢@15 up; January, 15.80¢@15.85; February, 15.60¢@15.65; May, 15.45; July and September, 15.40; spot Rio steady, quiet; No. 7, 16½¢. Sugar quiet; refined quiet, steady. Molasses, foreign nominal; New Orleans fair demand, steady. Rice fairly active, steady. Petroleum quiet, steady.

The National Building Company,

C. O'Leary & Co., Managers,

Room 303, Terry Building.

THE NATIONAL BUILDING COMPANY, OF BOSTON, offers the best and safest investment to be found, both to the capitalist and the workingman. It guarantees 10 per cent. dividends to the stockholders and furnishes homes to the workingman for what he now pays rent. Every man should and can own his home. This company furnishes the safest, cheapest plan of getting it.

Philadelphia is called the city of homes, because for years the workingman has been enabled to buy his home upon rental terms.

Why shouldn't Roanoke people do the same and every man have a home of his own?

Call and talk with us on the subject, and we will satisfy you that all we promise can and will be done.

Cotton-seed oil moderate demand, firm; crude, 44. Rosin quiet, steady. Beef higher; family, 12.00¢@13.50, extra mess, 9.00¢@9.50. Beef hams firmer, wanted. Tierced beef firmer; export demand; city India mess, 17. Cut meats active, strong; pickled bellies, 10¢@10½; pickled hams, 12½¢@13½; middles easy; short clear, 10½. Lard quiet, lower; West and steam closed 10.95; refined, quiet. Freight moderately active, steady; cotton, 5-64d@3-32d; grain, 1½d.

Chicago Markets. CHICAGO, Jan. 11.—Leading futures ranged as follows:

	Op'g.	Cl'sg.
WHEAT—		
January	73½	75½
May	70½	81½
July	77½	79½
CORN—		
January	41½	42½
February	42½	43½
May	46½	47½
OATS—		
January	30½	31
February	31½	32
May	34½	35½
PORK—		
January	18 57½	18 45
May	18 95	18 75
LAND—		
January	10 50	10 50
May	10 45	10 37½
RIBS—		
January	9 31½	9 35
May	9 52½	9 50

Cash quotations: Flour slow sales at about former quotations, though holders asking 10¢@15¢ more on the standard grades. No. 2 spring wheat, 75½¢. No. 2 red, 75½¢. No. 2 corn, 42½¢. No. 2 oats, 31¢. No. 2 white, 36¢. No. 2 mixed, 35¢. 17.75¢. Lard, 10.50¢. Short ribs, 9.35¢@9.40¢. Dry salted shoulders, 9.62¢@9.75¢. Short clear sides, 10.15¢@10.25¢. Walkey, 1.35¢.

A Narrow Escape.

Mrs. M. E. Wright had a narrow escape from death Tuesday night. She occupies rooms on Salem avenue near Henry street, and on the night mentioned, while standing near a stove, her dress caught fire. Her husband happened to be at home and succeeded in extinguishing the flames but not until Mrs. Wright's arm and back had been severely burned. Mr. Wright was also burned. Their injuries are painful but not serious.

A Correction.

General Manager King, of the West End Iron Company, corrects two errors in THE TIMES of yesterday. The price for puddling is \$1 and not \$5, and the rolling mill was not started up on account of the cold snap, to prevent the pipes from being frozen and not because they were frozen. A material difference as the West End Iron Company is in thoroughly competent hands, and frozen pipes an unknown thing with them.

A Passenger Train Delayed.

Passenger train No. 4, due here at 12:45 p. m., was over three hours late yesterday, owing to a misconnection on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia. A train was made up at Bristol and went through on schedule time.

No Health With Impure Blood.

DR. DAVID'S Iodoferrin cures scurvy, syphilis, anemia, and all blood and skin diseases. If you suffer with any of the above symptoms and will be cured without endangering any other healthy portion of your system, take Dr. David's Iodoferrin. It is the greatest blood purifier, not only of the nineteenth century, but of all centuries. Don't put off taking it but get it at once. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, at Massie & Martin's, Roanoke, Va.

Oh! I am so Tired.

All the time, I am listless and not interested in anything. My food does not digest, and I have such an